Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the World,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Pari. Younger then she, are happie Mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made:
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as loue, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as doe lustie yong men feele,
When well apparelld *Aprill* on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come goe with me, goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome, on their pleas

Ser. Find them out whose names are
ten, that the Shoo-maker should meddl
Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with hi
with his Nets. But I am sent to find tho
are heere writ, and can neuer find what
hath here writ (I must to the Learned)

Enter Benuolio, *and*

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out an
One paine is lesned by anothers angui
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backwar
One desperate griefe, cures with an oth
Take thou some new infection to the ey
And the ranke poyson of the old will dy

Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excell

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more the
Shut vp in Prison, kept without my foo
Whipt and tormented: and Godden goo

Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my mis

Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it wi
But I pray can you reade any thing you

Rom. I if I know the Letters and the

Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can reade.

He reades the Lette

Seigneur Martino, *and his wife and dau*
and his beauteous sisters: the Lady wid
Placentio, *and his louely Neeces:* Mercuti
tine: *mine Uncle* Capulet *his wife and da*
Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and*
and the liuely Helena.
A faire Assembly, whither should they c

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